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THE

# Commonweal

*The Hope and the Reality*

## Lesson of the Summits

by Donald Brandon

*Riots at Newport*

## Requiem for a Jazz Festival

by Nat Hentoff

*THE WHEEL OF NATURE . . . . . by Max Cosman*
*ONE OF POETRY'S GREAT THEMES . . . . by Rosemary F. Deen*
*ATTACK ON A MYTH . . . . . by Robert F. Lucid*
*MARRIAGE OF DISPARATE CULTURES . . . by Betty Kaufman*

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THE
# Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

## week by week

### RELIGION IN THE CAMPAIGN

AS THIS editorial is being written, Senator Kennedy stands before the country as the Presidential nominee of the Democratic Party. By the time it is read, Vice President Nixon will—barring the totally unexpected—be the Republican candidate. This interim period before the campaign gets under way, then, provides a good opportunity to reiterate certain basic points about "the religious issue" in the election.

The possibility that the campaign will bring with it a sharp increase in religious tensions is so obvious it needs no belaboring. This is the reason a certain number of Catholics have always been uneasy about Senator Kennedy's candidacy, fearing that it is "too soon" for a Catholic to seek the Presidency. Aside entirely from any question of Senator Kennedy's qualifications, these Catholics are afraid that the campaign will bring with it a rise in religious bigotry across the country; in addition, they fear that Catholics will be "blamed" for any national setback or mistake in judgment Senator Kennedy might make if elected. There is, of course, nothing they can do about it, but if the doubters had had their choice they would have preferred that the inevitable facing of the religious issue be postponed until some indefinite later date.

Another group of Catholics—one which we believe is much larger and in which we would count ourselves—understands but does not share these fears. Again leaving aside the merits of Senator Kennedy or any particular candidate, those who hold these views would like to see the religious issue in Presidential elections laid to rest once and for all and they think this is as good a time as any. They take the Constitutional ban against a religious test for public office seriously, and they think it a betrayal of the American idea to give this ideal only lip service. To put it simply, they want to see the end of the time-honored political dictum that any American boy can grow up to be President—as long as he is a white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant.

This goal is, we think, an estimable one on all scores. For it to be achieved, it is not necessary that Senator Kennedy be elected President of the United States. It is necessary only that the campaign be a fair one, argued on the real issues, and that if Senator Kennedy is defeated his religion should not be a major factor in that defeat.

IN THE CAMPAIGN that lies ahead, it will help if all concerned are clear on a few fundamental facts. It is undoubtedly true that Catholics will take a special interest in Senator Kennedy's campaign, whether they are Republicans or Democrats. How could it be otherwise, when Catholics have never seen one of their co-religionists President and when religion played a part in the defeat of the only previous Catholic nominee? Nonetheless, as Senator Kennedy has noted on several occasions, he is not "the Catholic candidate" but a candidate who is a Catholic. The difference is a significant one.

In American elections, there really is no such thing as "the Catholic candidate," nor should there be. It is, surely, one of the blessings of the American tradition that our political parties are not divided along religious lines. Many American Catholics, for example, may disagree with current interpretations of the First Amendment on certain issues like school bus transportation for parochial school children, federally financed lunch programs and the like. However, they certainly do not feel that they are confronted with a hostile and anti-religious government, in the face of which the formation of political parties along religious lines is necessary—a step both Catholics and Protestants have sometimes found necessary elsewhere.



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Indeed, quite the contrary situation prevails here. American Catholics do not feel beleaguered or in need of Catholic candidates or Catholic political parties. They have always supported the Constitution of the United States, including the First Amendment, and they do so today, beyond any question. However fascinating theoretical discussions about Church-State relationships may be, this seems to us the central political fact of the matter.

For our part, we have always felt that questions on the Church-State issue were legitimate enough in connection with Senator Kennedy's candidacy. In recent months, however, Senator Kennedy has made his views on this subject quite clear—so clear, in fact, that we think those who now profess to be in doubt simply choose not to understand. It is therefore time, we think, to leave the subject of Church-State, on which Senator Kennedy has done all he possibly can to make his position clear, and to take up those vital issues of foreign and domestic policy which are really at stake in the election.

As to how much influence religion will have in the election, only time will tell. But Senator Kennedy is not Al Smith, and 1960 is not 1928. In his acceptance speech to the Democratic convention, Senator Kennedy said: "I hope that no American, considering the really critical issues facing this country, will waste his franchise and throw away his vote by voting either for me or against me solely on account of my religious affiliation." Here, it seems to us, Senator Kennedy spoke in the best American tradition, and the hope he expressed is one we share as the nation prepares to pick the next President of the United States.

## WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY

THE UNITED STATES, in all its size and strength, has found itself powerless against the injuries and vexations imposed on it in recent months by tiny Cuba. For its actions in response to Fidel Castro's abuse and attacks would have consequences far beyond the question of mere Cuban-U.S. relations. The whole conception of pan-American unity would be affected, as well as the role in the Cold War of the neutralist and underdeveloped nations, the political power of Communism in this hemisphere, even the military security of the Americas.

Thus, in the face of real and intensifying provocation from Dr. Castro, the United States exercised remarkable, and commendable, restraint. If it was not to lay itself open to charges of "Yankee imperialism" and "dollar diplomacy," this country had to forego the pressures—political, economic and, above all, military—which were open to it.

Recently, however, it appeared that U.S. patience was wearing thin. An economic sanction was leveled against Cuba, in the slashing of its preferred-price sugar quota, and political pressure is now being sought from the Organization of American States.

There are risks in these steps, obviously. There is the danger that they may boomerang and rouse always latent Latin American resentment against the colossus to the north, that they may cost the U.S. dearly in terms of world opinion, that they may further isolate Dr. Castro and drive him even deeper into the Communist camp.

But U.S. policy-makers may this time be luckier than they have been of late, and their best ally in this regard seems to be Premier Castro himself. Dr. Castro's increasingly dangerous commitments with the Communist bloc seem to be losing him much of the sympathy his Latin American neighbors were previously disposed to give him. If, as seems likely, this fact is brought home to him by the upcoming O.A.S. foreign ministers' meeting, Dr. Castro may be persuaded thereby to switch to a more prudent and more responsible course. This would be a fortunate development indeed—for the United States, for Latin America and for Cuba itself.

## THE CONGO ERUPTS

IT CAN be said about the calamitous situation in the Congo that it could have been much worse. In a world beset with trouble and pain, that is something. Congolese rioting could have exploded into an uncheckable reign of terror and blood; further military intervention by Belgium could have resulted in a full-scale war; the threats and warnings exchanged by the United States and the Soviet Union could have culminated in a collision of arms as well as words. None of these things happened, with their tragic consequences for the Congo, Africa and the world, and for this we must be thankful.

What has happened, though, is in itself disastrous enough. The debate over Belgium's Congo policy—to develop the country economically first and politically "later" or "when the people are ready"—has now been closed by events. The fruits of that policy are the Congo's beautiful cities, roads, up-to-date industrial plants—and its illit-



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erate, ignorant, hate-filled people. In three-fourths of a century of Belgian rule, the Congolese were denied any voice whatever in the administration of their affairs. This year, in the face of riots and uprisings, the Belgians suddenly agreed to quit the country and give the Congo full independence. When they pulled out, they left their former charges utterly incapable of maintaining their new state. There were no native doctors, lawyers, engineers or army officers; every department of government was run by Belgians; transportation, communications, business and industry—all were directed and maintained by Belgians.

Pressures and agitation notwithstanding, for Belgium to have thrust the life and care of the nation into the hands of untrained, inexperienced, unprepared people was at least an act of grievous irresponsibility; some Congolese have charged that there were more sinister motives, and Belgian reaction to the disintegration of the new government has not dispelled their suspicions. At any rate, it is not surprising that the precarious administration of Premier Lumumba could not maintain order and not surprising that the return of the hated Belgian troops should have provoked such violent resentment. It would not have been surprising if the riots and reprisals had reduced the new nation to complete anarchy and lawlessness.

The immediate problem, of public order and safety, seems now to be on its way to solution. The United Nations force which is at this moment maintaining the peace in the Congo represents an extraordinary achievement by the much-maligned international organization and its Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold. Even thus far the success of this U.N. action records a notable accomplishment in the cause of world peace.

But the other problems faced by the Congolese are at least equally dismaying, and they are no nearer solution than they were before the U.N. acted. The political viability of the new state seems more doubtful than ever. Premier Lumumba's authority has been widely rejected, large numbers of Congolese troops remain mutinous, rival leaders foment tribal and regional jealousies, and the great mass of people—illiterate tribesmen who live in the bush—understand nothing of governments and constitutions. Moreover, the wealthy province of Katanga, which must be the heart of a successful Congolese federation, has already declared its secession from the central government.

The economic outlook is, if possible, even more bleak. Without trained personnel, the industrial, agricultural and financial apparatus operated by the Belgians is as useless as the modern machinery the Congolese are themselves unable to use. And without Katanga, which produces three-fourths of the Congo's wealth, the country can not survive even if a miracle should enable it to overcome the problem of its technical and administrative vacuum.

If they are to have even a chance to maintain their independent state, the Congolese need help desperately. They need technical assistance, loans, investments, credits; they need sympathy and advice. But those who come forward with such help should remember that, in their present confusion and misery, in their bitterness over the racial and economic bondage they have so painfully broken out of, the Congolese are unlikely to appreciate the help they get, unlikely to use it properly, unlikely to make any distinctions about the motives of those who offer it.

The prospect in the Congo is, even most hopefully, an extremely difficult one, with only dubious chances of the nation's reaching its goal of peaceful and responsible self-sufficiency. Nevertheless, the Western nations have no choice but to help in the gigantic effort called for. The responsibility for what has happened and what will happen in the Congo is in large measure ours, and it is futile to try to evade it.

Without recrimination, then, and without the solace of illusion and false expectation, the peoples of the West must accept what yesterday has brought us to, and only try to make tomorrow different.

## FARMING VOTES

NO MATTER what anyone thinks, all has not been peaches and cream of late for Vice President Nixon. True, a mob in Latin America made him a hero by pelting his car with rocks and Soviet Premier Khrushchev compared him to a goat in a cabbage patch, but that was months ago and what have they done for him lately, with Nelson Rockefeller attacking on the left and Barry Goldwater on the right? If only because of the law of averages, though, something nice was bound to happen to Richard Nixon again, and just before the convention it finally did: Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson came out for Governor Rockefeller.

Given the sad state of G.O.P. fortunes in the farm belt, this vote of no confidence from Secretary Benson must strike Vice President Nixon like manna from heaven—so much so, in fact, that his only problem now may be to persuade suspicious farm voters that it was not a put-up job.



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# Lesson of the Summits

*It is past time that Western leaders and peoples face the harsh realities of the balance of power*

by DONALD BRANDON

WHEN Harold Macmillan, then British Foreign Minister, landed at London airport upon his return from the Geneva summit conference of 1955, he exclaimed in unEdwardian fashion, "There ain't gonna be no war!" When Nikita Khrushchev broke up the Paris summit conference of 1960 with equally direct and even vulgar language, Civil Defense officials in the United States reported a sudden barrage of inquiries about bomb shelters and protection from nuclear attack.

The instinctive reactions of Macmillan and the American public to the superficial and immediate outcomes of the two adventures in summit diplomacy were equally distorted and exaggerated, despite their directly opposite character. The optimism of Macmillan has indeed been borne out in that there has been neither general nor limited war between the West and the Communist bloc during the past five years, but the Cold War has been waged incessantly on the diplomatic, economic and propaganda fronts, and no one could safely predict now any more than in 1955 that the struggle will stop short of total war. The concern of the American public reflected an uninformed and emotional people who simply felt they should prepare for the worst in the wake of the Soviet Premier's outburst, despite the reports of Western statesmen and observers that Russian behavior at Paris was not an eve-of-war performance.

The considered post-summit appraisals and policies of Western governments are of course far more important than the initial and temporary reaction of Macmillan and the American people in 1955 and 1960. And so far it appears that while the optimism of the "Geneva spirit" quickly turned to pessimism, the pessimism produced by the Paris fiasco has already been displaced by a guarded optimism. The Soviet-Egyptian arms deal and the failure of the Foreign Ministers' conference on Germany in the fall of 1955 showed the hollowness of Western expectations at Geneva, but Khrushchev's current renewal of his pre-summit description of Eisenhower as a man of peace, the Soviet Premier's call for a new summit in six to eight months, and his failure to precipitate an immediate Berlin and German crisis have already been interpreted optimistically by Western statesmen. In his report to the American people on the summit in Paris, President Eisenhower said nothing which might be construed as alarming or in any way a challenge to confidence and complacency.

Nevertheless, if the recent summit is merely written off as something explicable in terms of the U-2 incident, or the unpredictable character of Soviet behavior, or as just another episode in the post-war struggle, Western statesmen and peoples alike will have failed to learn an obvious lesson, and the free world will be in even greater peril in the future than it is today or has been in the past. If the West falls back again on the vague beliefs that nuclear war would be unreasonable and must therefore be impossible, and that if not today then perhaps tomorrow the statesmen of the Great Powers will surely reach an accommodation, the free world will continue to be prey to the host of Communist bloc weapons—including "peaceful coexistence"—and will in time probably be forced either to surrender piecemeal or to engage in the general nuclear war which it tries to push out of mind. It is long past time that Western leaders and peoples confront the realities of the balance of power in the world, and that diplomatic negotiations—and especially those at the summit—be viewed in relation to this balance rather than to wishful thinking and a longing for peace.

THE RETURN of the Republicans to power in Washington in 1953 and the death of Stalin shortly thereafter suggested to many that perhaps a new and more hopeful era in East-West relations was at

Mr. Brandon, now on the faculty of the University of San Francisco, formerly served here and abroad with the U.S.I.A.



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hand. In the same year the Soviet Union exploded a hydrogen bomb, but observers began to speak with optimism of a "balance of terror" which would ensure the peace. Not only the successors to Stalin in the Kremlin, but many Western leaders, including Winston Churchill, spoke of "having a try at peaceful co-existence." The feeling grew that in the nuclear age it was imperative that the points of conflict between the West and the Communist bloc must be made to yield to negotiations, or at least must not be permitted to explode into a war which could be mutually suicidal. President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles indicated that if the Soviets demonstrated by actions that they were ready to seek an accommodation, the United States would enter into negotiations at the highest level.

The Western call for deeds as well as words seemed to be heeded by Malenkov, Khrushchev and others in the new Soviet "collective leadership." Within Russia, the excesses of Stalin were denounced, the secret police was in some respects curbed following the execution of Beria, intellectuals and artists were allowed a certain latitude, and the people were promised an increase in material comforts. In foreign affairs, the Korean armistice was signed in the first year of the new era, the Indo-Chinese war was terminated in 1954, and in 1955 the naval base at Porkkala was returned to Finnish control, Khrushchev made his celebrated trip of reconciliation to Yugoslavia, and an Austrian State Treaty was finally negotiated. The partial lifting of the Iron Curtain marked by limited East-West exchanges, together with Khrushchev's visit to England, seemingly symbolized the changing climate of international politics.

However, despite these indications of an apparent new look in Soviet internal and external policies, it was only at the urgent request of Anthony Eden that the United States finally agreed to the summit conference held in Geneva in July 1955. Eden was under great pressure from the Labor opposition to go to the summit, and he planned to lead the Conservatives in an early election campaign. Although Winston Churchill had since the late 1940's called for a meeting at the summit, he had always urged that such a meeting should take place in private, that there should be no formal agenda and few experts in attendance, and that there should be no time limit to the negotiations. While Churchill's call for a summit was at last heeded—after he himself had retired from the scene—the Geneva meetings were held in public, experts were almost as numerous as journalists covering the conference, and four topics were scheduled to be discussed within a limited time: Germany, European security, East-West trade, and exchanges between the West and the Soviet Union.

Macmillan's buoyant statement at the airport in London was not based on any tangible agreements made at Geneva, for the only item on which any substantive progress was made was the fourth, the least important politically of the agenda topics. His optimism apparently derived merely from the cordiality which had prevailed, and from the assurances given by Eisenhower and Bulganin that neither side would wage aggressive war. The Soviet leaders did agree in principle to the reunification of Germany and to a Foreign Ministers conference in the fall to take up that question once again. But despite this fact, and despite the euphoric response of President Eisenhower, seasoned statesmen and observers should have been aware that the Soviets have on many occasions agreed "in principle" to some settlement, and then subsequently demanded that their position be accepted as the only possible solution. If merely verbal protestations of good will are discounted, there were in fact extremely slight grounds for Western optimism in the wake of the first summit conference at Geneva.

When all was said and done, it was soon evident that the "spirit of Geneva" had produced no changes in the Soviet position on any substantive issue. The failure of the Foreign Ministers' conference on Germany and the revelation of the Russian penetration of the Middle East were followed in 1956 by the Polish bid for limited autonomy within the Communist orbit and by the Hungarian uprising. The latter was crushed while the Western alliance was divided over the Anglo-French attack on Nasser's Egypt. Soviet intervention in Hungary and the fact that the Communist Party's control in Russia was not altered by the slight internal adjustments made by Khrushchev should have warned the West that the "de-Stalinization campaign" was hardly to be equated with genuine liberalization either at home or abroad. Moreover, the Soviet threats to obliterate London and Paris with missiles if Anglo-French forces were not withdrawn from Egypt at once was evidence that Russian statements at Geneva regarding peaceful settlements of outstanding questions did not exclude nuclear blackmail.

IN THE LIGHT of all these developments, the Eisenhower Administration came to realize that the alleged accomplishments at Geneva were illusory, and the United States then insisted that it would not again go to the summit unless the U.S.S.R. showed by significant deeds that such a conference would be fruitful, rather than merely a vehicle for Soviet duplicity and propaganda. Secretary Dulles went further and stated repeatedly that negotiations at the lower levels would have to precede any new summit encounter, and that the top leaders should meet only to ratify agreements already hammered out by traditional diplomatic methods. While the Soviet Union, now led primarily although not solely by Khrushchev, clamored for a new conference at the summit, and some American allies



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(notably Britain, now led by Macmillan) and most neutrals supported the Soviet position, the U.S. was firmly against any new meeting at the top.

The three crises of 1958-59, in the Middle East, Far East and Europe, resulted in heightened opposition to what was labeled the rigidity and brinkmanship of Secretary Dulles. The despatch of troops to Lebanon, the commitment to all-out resistance against Communist Chinese pressures on Quemoy and Matsu, and similar reliance on the ultimate weapons in relation to Berlin increased alarm that general or at least limited war might break out. Democratic leaders and critical observers vied with one another in producing schemes designed to extricate the United States from what were deemed impossible positions in Berlin and the offshore islands. The illness of the Secretary and the assumption of personal leadership in foreign affairs by President Eisenhower were hailed with scarcely concealed glee by many in the U.S. and by most in the free world.

The President's subsequent invitation to Khrushchev to visit the United States and the announcement of a summit conference to be followed by an Eisenhower trip to Russia were applauded throughout the free world as a step forward in East-West relations. Together with the President's good-will trips, a new round of negotiations at the summit and the exchange of visits by the leaders of the two super-powers were viewed as steps to a breakthrough in the Cold War. While a few voices pointed out that the President had reversed his stand that peaceful deeds must precede any new summit, that the forthcoming visits and negotiations were actually arranged in response to Russian threats on Berlin and Germany, and that Khrushchev continued to insist that only the Soviet views on Berlin, Germany, disarmament and other questions were "realistic," the air was full of hopeful talk that the climate and time were now at last ripe for settlements in the East-West conflict.

Then came the U-2 incident, which Khrushchev employed as a weapon to break up the second summit meeting before it started and to cancel the invitation to President Eisenhower to visit Russia. Because of the Administration's handling of the affair, in the analysis of some Western observers, the United States as well as the Soviet Union is to blame for wrecking the summit and increasing tensions. But to say simply that the Administration is as responsible as the Russians for the failure of the summit is to overlook the fact that Khrushchev was aware that he would not obtain any important concessions from the Western powers had the summit convened. He simply used the U-2 incident as a "heaven-sent" excuse to avoid going home to Moscow empty-handed. Given the well-documented opposition of the Red Army to Khrushchev's reductions in the Soviet armed forces, and the hostility of both the Russian Stalinists and the Communist Chinese to Khrushchev's policy of "relaxing tensions" in an effort to make headway against the West, it is apparent that Khrushchev's personal power was at stake at the summit. The "failure" of the Paris summit meeting is therefore clearly accounted for by internal politics in the Soviet Union, and by Western determination not to give any unilateral concessions of substance to the U.S.S.R.

PROVIDED the United States in particular and the entire free world in general examine the summit failures in relation to the balance of power in the world, one can hope that Khrushchev's performance at Paris will prove to be the shock that has been needed to overcome lethargy and wishful thinking in the West. For Soviet insistence both before and after the two summits that the West must accede to Russian and Communist Chinese positions on outstanding questions is based on the Communist bloc estimate that the balance of power has been altered in their favor, and that the West must therefore give ground all along the line. Western expectations that negotiations in 1955 or 1960—or in the foreseeable future—can produce a just settlement of the many issues in the Cold War is simply a reflection of failure to face up to the hard realities of the world situation. It is, for example, clear that the Soviet demand regarding Berlin stems from Western inability to wage a successful conventional war in Central Europe, and Russian belief that the West will not resort to nuclear war to defend the isolated West Berlin bastion.

Given the prospect of continued Communist bloc cohesion and increasing strength, Moscow and Peiping's expectation that the advanced free world nations will become increasingly divided because of political and economic nationalism, and Sino-Soviet conviction that Communist control will sooner or later occur in the underdeveloped areas, it has been unrealistic to believe that the Soviets would enter into reasonable negotiations at this time. Seen in the light of the present balance of power—and what the Communist bloc considers an inevitable trend of events in its favor—the debate in the Western world since the death of Stalin concerning liberalization in Russia is really irrelevant to the question of negotiations between East and West. Whatever one might believe regarding the present or probable future evolution of the Soviet and Communist Chinese systems, it should be apparent that a modification of Soviet and Red Chinese foreign policies would be far more likely to result from successful free world containment than from limited internal changes in the Communist societies.

A remarkably widespread consensus exists among observers of both the internal American scene and U. S. foreign policy as we enter the 1960's. Critics of our society have for a number of years lamented



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the "self-centered and short-sighted complacency" in the national mood and the failure to allocate sufficient resources to the public as opposed to the private sector of our economy. In foreign affairs, the series of reports recently submitted to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee by outstanding scholars and research institutions are uniformly filled with foreboding concerning the drastic shift in the balance of power which has taken place in the 1950's, and the prospect should present trends continue of a further decline in the Western position in the current decade. Referring to both these aspects of American life, Barbara Ward recently lamented the "Great Silence in the Great Debate," and voiced the hope that the Presidential campaign would finally rouse the people from their torpor.

While one can have doubts about the prospect for a campaign debate which will clarify rather than obscure the issues, it is certainly long past time for the United States and the entire free world to come to grips with reality. It is likely that the pressure of Allied and neutral governments, and of so-called world public opinion, will in time bring the next U.S. Administration to agree to a new summit conference. The Soviets have already suggested that Communist China and some neutral countries be invited to attend the next round at the top. But if and when such a summit occurs, it may be hoped that a realistic evaluation of the balance of power and reflection on the "failure" of the Geneva and Paris summits will prevent false hopes from rising among leaders and peoples of the free world.

The road ahead is going to be long and dangerous. Should we escape a nuclear conflagration, a reasonable accommodation between East and West can come about only as a result of the successful creation of situations of strength—military, political, economic and moral—throughout the vast and at present precariously exposed free world.

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**RIOTS AT NEWPORT**

# Requiem for a Jazz Festival

by NAT HENTOFF

"THE WORLD'S leading jazz ritual," wrote Ben Bagdikian in the Providence *Journal* on Friday, July 1, "opened at Newport last night as a mature international institution complete with foreign coverage, lawsuits, and bitter competition."

By Sunday, July 3, the Festival had burst in its "maturity," having been canceled by Newport officials as the aftermath of ugly Saturday night rioting involving twelve thousand teenagers and postgraduate adolescents. And the Festival's demise received unprecedently extensive foreign *and* domestic coverage. Tass, in fact, offered a *Journal* photographer a sizable sum for his riot pictures; but the cameraman, a staunch patriot, sold the negatives instead to *Life*.

There was even an added lawsuit by Monday, July 4. The Festival had already been coping with one $100,000 legal action by Mrs. Elaine Lorillard, divorced wife of Louis Lorillard, who largely underwrites the affair. Mrs. Lorillard had been cashiered from the Board of Directors during her marital wars and now claims that she deserved compensation for having originally thought up the idea of the Newport Jazz Stock Car Races.

The second pre-riot law suit was for $75,000 and was instituted by a New York producer of fashion shows who claimed she had not been paid for expenses connected with a fashion "festival" she had arranged for the N.J.F. last year. The third—and newest—suit was one threatened by the Festival producers themselves. As of this writing, they say they will sue the city of Newport for canceling the Festival and for not having taken sufficient precautions to avert the Saturday night violence.

As one who has wearily attended all but one of the Newport Jazz Festivals, I was not surprised at the dénouement nor can I feel sorrow for either the Festival promoters or the city merchants who so conscienceless benefited from the Festival. For once, both sides got what they deserved.

The "bitter competition" cited by Bagdikian in his Friday morning lead was meanwhile still alive Sunday night after the overblown Festival had been punctured. The small, rival "musicians' festival" had been organized, staffed and produced by jazz musicians. Their site was Cliff Walk Manor, a few blocks from vast Freebody Park where the "official" Festival was being held. The musicians, protesting the venality of the Newport chariot races, had this year been holding concerts in

Mr. Hentoff, a former editor of *Downbeat*, writes widely on music and other cultural matters.



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direct competition to each of the Freebody events. The rump session had started anemically, but attendance continued to grow; and by Sunday night—with the big Festival and all the bars in Newport closed down—some six hundred paid five dollars a head at Cliff Walk to drink Coke and just listen to jazz for four hours.

The musicians—among them Charlie Mingus and Max Roach, the leaders of the rebellion—were protesting the phoniness of the Newport Festival. Although still technically "non-profit" for tax purposes, the N.J.F. had become increasingly concerned through the years with amassing the largest possible gate receipts ("jazz as an art form" be damned). The N.J.F. still scheduled a few experimental units and historical lectures during the poorly attended—and poorly promoted—afternoon concerts; but at night the N.J.F. crammed as many big names as they could find into almost every concert and sometimes didn't care whether the "names" had much to do with jazz or not. Eartha Kitt, the Kingston Trio and Pat Suzuki had been among previous ringers at the N.J.F., and there had also been such embarrassing side shows as the 1959 fashion exhibit which led to this year's law suit and the impounding of the Saturday night N.J.F. receipts.

THE FESTIVAL, in short, was largely to blame for its own cancellation because in grabbing for more and more bigness each year, it had encouraged the conviction among thousands of teenagers that Newport had become a carnival town over the July 4 weekend. Neither the beer-drinkers nor the musicians had any illusions left that the N.J.F. had anything basically to do with "art." It had become a money-grubbing enterprise of the same genre as bargain basement sales and any giant midway composed of shell games, taffy candy, freak shows and thrill-rides.

By moving into Freebody Park several years ago, the N.J.F. had further underlined its primary concern with mass audiences and mass tastes. The Park has all the intimacy of Yankee Stadium, and the only listeners who are near enough to the stage to get an adequate perspective of the proceedings are the box-holding socialites and the press. Some of the plebeian ticket-buyers can absorb some of what's going on if they listen hard enough, but most spend the evening guzzling beer and nuzzling female friends.

Unsatiated, the N.J.F. this year even *added* to the seating capacity of Freebody Park, making 16,500 places available to music-lovers. In fairness, it should be noted that this year the N.J.F. finally yielded to criticism of its programming policies. There were fewer groups on each program so that each had sufficient time to build a balanced program; and this year no Suzukis or Kitts were hired. But N.J.F.'s tardy repentance in this area was too little and too late.

Another cumulative grievance among musicians—and a basic reason for the rebellion at Cliff Walk—was the N.J.F.'s cavalier financial attitude toward jazzmen who lacked mass name appeal but who were recognized by their colleagues as among the most important of current contributors to the music. A Louis Armstrong or a Benny Goodman had the box office appeal and a tough booking office to get top fees from the N.J.F., but the less widely renowned jazzmen were often pressured into coming to Newport for smaller sums than they deserved. And this year the economic pressures against the musicians without mass "name" value increased.

Few of these factors in many musicians' anger at the N.J.F. have ever been covered in the flabby jazz trade press. The widely-printed Leonard Feather wrote in the 1959 N.J.F. program, for example, that "the initiation in this country of the large, spectacular, outdoor jazz event has been both cause and effect of a maturing interest in jazz as a whole. The American attitude toward jazz as an art form has improved measurably [since the N.J.F. began, in July, 1954]."

The day before this year's riots, I was lectured in a similar vein by a Newport official. Ignoring the beer cans strewn along the streets and the drunken teenagers, high at noon, he said: "You keep forgetting how much dignity the Festival has brought to jazz." I saw him the morning after the National Guard had been called out, and observed that if the N.J.F. brought a little more dignity to the town, Newport would blow up.

In this year's official program book jazz writer Ira Gitler also apologized for the Festival. Among other proofs of its goodness, he cited the fact "that two-thirds of the money from refreshment sales [inside the park] goes to the Kiwanis Club of Newport and the Newport Boys Club, who put it to worthy uses." The fact that these refreshment stands have always sold as much beer as any youngster could hold is apparently more than compensated for by the fact that it's all in a good cause.

A more realistic observer of the N.J.F. has been Murray Kempton of the New York *Post*. In January, 1960, he wrote of "the gentry in the front row with their Martini shakers, the sailors squatting in the back, their heads between their knees, unchucking their beer . . . Was ever anything in America at once so fashionable and so squalid?"

THE TOWN, to return to the riots themselves, was indeed as responsible for the inevitable explosion as the N.J.F. It was all too evident last year that the streets were unsafe at night during the Festival, and one police official noted this winter that he was still amazed that somehow a riot had been averted last year. It is also true that the N.J.F. added more Pinkertons to its staff policing Freebody Park and asked the Newport city manager for more police throughout the



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town before the Festival began. The city manager refused, saying that his present force was adequate. Why, after all, run up additional expenses? But on June 16, the Rhode Island Public Safety Commissioner said: "It's a tough situation down there and they're asking for trouble if they close their eyes to it."

By Friday afternoon, it was evident there would be serious trouble. Although there were signs warning that drinking on the street and loitering on the sidewalks would not be permitted, the police made practically no moves to stop either. On Friday night, thirty-nine revelers were arrested; there were scores of fights in the town and on the beach where the police again allowed hundreds of potential spenders to sleep. At the Viking Hotel, four youngsters flooded the second-floor corridor; and the atmosphere in the hotel was such that a room clerk, pretending to be the manager, literally broke into my room at 3 a.m. to demand whether I was married to my wife.

The Newport *Daily News* on Saturday morning gave a "sampling" of the previous night's incidents: "Eight youths jumped onto a car being driven along Pelham Street and smashed two of its windows. A sailor was held for ripping the radio microphone off a police cruiser. . . . As usual, the bulk of the trouble took place outside Freebody Park. Inside, control was easier in the illuminated area. But the park itself was not exactly a Sunday-school picnic grounds. Boys and girls looking as young as fourteen or fifteen were drinking beer and feeling its effects. . . . This morning jazz fans were waiting outside the cafes and barrooms for the opening hours."

The Saturday night explosion has been relatively well covered nationally, often on the basis of rewrites of Ben Bagdikian's first-rate reporting for the Providence *Journal*. Although the rioting started near Freebody Park, Newport as a whole was aflame, and the violence spread rapidly. The police, who had not been tough enough during the previous two days, were being treated with contempt by the teenagers. Jack Williams in the Providence *Journal* observed; "I have experienced genuine fear twice in my life. Once was in combat in Europe during World War II; the other was Saturday night in Newport." Police and military police were bloodied—and some were knocked unconscious —by full cans of beer hurled by the youths. Youngsters urged other teenagers on to attack the police. "Reeling youths," said Williams, "kept rallying their forces for new assaults on the police. 'Kill the cops,' one youth cried as he tossed a full can of beer at a car. . . ."

The Providence *Journal* described the scene before the tear gas arrived: ". . . hundreds of cans and bottles came flying through the night to the men pinned down on the center of the block and troopers, many of them with bloody faces, kept asking, 'When are they going to fire that gas.' "

IN CONTRAST to the chaos in the streets, the "musicians' festival" at Cliff Walk was continuing in complete calm. The musicians had handled everything from the beginning—tickets, press, promotion. They had set up the chairs, stitched the canvas for tents, and ringed one side of the outside auditorium with tents in which they slept. They did their own programming and their own announcing. Some even successfully passed the hat among free-loaders who were listening to the music outside the fence.

The musicians who had been contracted for the main festival sympathized with the dissidents. A few came to visit the rebels; others were afraid to lest the "establishment" retaliate economically. Pressure, in fact, had been placed on Cliff Walk by the city, and several musicians felt the N.J.F. had been back of some of it. The day before both festivals began, the city council, without a hearing, had banned outside amplification at Cliff Walk and had complained about its sanitary facilities (a particularly outrageous irony in view of the appalling washrooms at Freebody Park, where, incidentally, musicians are allotted two pails behind the stage). The owner of the Cliff Walk, Nick Cannarozzi, is, however, a tough, successful businessman who will not be intimidated. He ordered the outside amplification continued, and the police yielded.

"I hear," said one drummer at Freebody Park, "that they're really cooking over at Cliff Walk. Well, you play better when you're mad."

Yet the music at Cliff Walk, while intense, was also subtle. During the worst of the street rioting on Saturday night, trumpeter Roy Eldridge was blowing a softly muted solo as drummer Jo Jones accompanied him in a complex, polyrhythmic display of superbly tasteful rhythmic accenting—all done with just fingers and palms, no sticks or brushes. Roy had earlier decided not to play for the rebels. "My fighting days are over," he had sighed. Yet, seeing patriarch Coleman Hawkins as one of the more determined dissidents, Roy finally also joined in.

A *Time* correspondent at Cliff Walk was becoming cumulatively frustrated—before the rioting—at his inability to convince the New York office that the story of the rump festival was important enough to get into the music section. "Actually, it belongs in National Affairs," he was saying fiercely. "This is like an extension of the sit-ins. I called it a sit-out."

Bassist Charlie Mingus, who had earlier been pounding a tent stake with a huge rock, was now prowling around the entrance, trying to stop multiple use of single tickets. "It's tough to play, man, while you've got all this on your mind. But somebody had to do it." Jo Jones, a father figure to many young jazz players, meanwhile was explaining to a newspaperman: "The big festival forgot about the music, but these little kiddies," he pointed to some modernists on the stand,



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"have got to have a chance to be heard. That's one reason we did this."

"Now this," Mingus waved at the Cliff Walk musicians playing with the sea and the beach as a background, "is what Newport jazz was supposed to be. But I think we started this too late to save the town for jazz."

SOME of the aftermath of the Newport breakdown was nearly as illuminating as the debacle itself. Bill Coss, editor of *Metronome,* a quasi-jazz magazine, sent a letter to all the papers—and some printed it—claiming that "if there is fault to be found it is not with jazz, or with festivals, but with the city management which had not properly geared its enforcements agency [sic] to be able to stop the unlawful drinking in the first place, the massing together in the second." Aside from Mr. Coss' oddly selective interpretation of the facts, the most beguiling aspect of his pronouncements was that he hadn't been at Newport this year at all.

On the Mutual Network the next week, Pegeen Fitzgerald revealed that the riots had not been spontaneous, but like those in Japan, Korea and Turkey, had been Communist-inspired. (Tass presumably had helped set up the violence, but had forgotten to assign a cameraman there.)

A more accurate assessment of the rioters was made by Phyllis Battelle in the New York *Journal-American:* "The Newport rioters were definitely not delinquents with holes in their pockets. These were 'good' boys and girls from 'better' families and colleges." Father Norman J. O'Connor, chaplain of the Newman Club of Boston University and a regular guest at jazz events, festive and otherwise, agreed in the Boston *Globe:* "It was a college crowd . . . with a good sprinkling of juniors and seniors from high schools. It was a crowd that had money because the great share of them were traveling the streets in . . . sports cars . . . and convertibles . . . Parents must not care if sons and daughters sleep out all night on beaches, in cars, or not at all. Parents no longer care if teenagers come home at night or not. Parents no longer care about the drinking habits of their children."

The New York *Herald Tribune* editorialized sadly: "Perhaps the most discouraging aspect of the whole sorry mess was the emptiness and futility of it all. American youth hit some sort of a new low in Newport this weekend. Here was mass violence—vicious violence, potentially lethal missiles hurled at total strangers—with neither point nor reason, done by several thousand of those bright college students who supposedly are our hope for tomorrow. In capitals around the world, desperately earnest students have lately been demonstrating, often rioting, for causes. Some of these have been good causes, some bad: it is as if a contagion of violent fervor were overleaping national boundaries and spreading from university to university. But these young Americans had no cause. They were rioting for nothing but the perverse pleasure of violence. Theirs was hedonism gone wild, an irresponsible animal self-indulgence that reflects discredit on their generation."

BACK in Newport, the town had quieted down by Sunday. Most of the youths fined were over twenty-one (to prove, said one newspaperman sardonically, "that liquor wasn't sold to minors"). At the rival festival, several dissidents told reporters they were sorry the N.J.F. had ended. All, that is, but Charlie Mingus, an irrepressibly honest man who said: "That's the way it should be. They deserve it because . . . they lost their true identity with jazz."

There was already grumbling among the town merchants about the loss of business next year and the mayor, James L. Maher, who had voted against canceling the Festival, said hopefully: "I'd like to see it back next year; if given a chance, it can develop enough." Ward Harvey, president of the Community Hotel Corporation and owner of the Viking Hotel, which has a considerable financial stake in whether the Festival continues in Newport, said he expected there would be an attempt to hold the Festival in Newport next year. And that lover of jazz added: "I'm one hundred per cent in favor of such a movement."

There were counter-rumors. Director George Wein was quoted as saying the next N.J.F. might take place in Yankee Stadium, a notable showcase for the arts. Father O'Connor wrote with uncharacteristic ingenuousness: "Strangely, cities and towns with reputations similar to Newport have already bid for the Festival to come to them, regardless of the problems."

On one train back from Newport, Miff Mole, an elderly jazzman who had been a major figure in the twenties but is now practically unknown, was depressed. He had been ill for some time, but had gathered up what he could of his strength to make an appearance at the Sunday night Festival. It had been canceled, and he might not get such an invitation again. Some college kids on the train began mocking him as "a broken-down jazz musician." When he didn't respond, they began talking about the "counterattack" they'd mount against the cops next year.

A reporter meanwhile was reading a New York *Post* interview with Alfred Kazin. "Kazin," said the interviewer, "visited the Soviet Union last year as part of a State Department exchange. He found that Soviet life confirmed his lifelong criticism of Communism: the leadership is dishonest and as a result, the entire society corrupts itself by practicing deceit and falsehood, even though materially the society has advanced by leaps and bounds."



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# Birth Control and Public Policy

THE FUND for the Republic's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions recently published a report on "Birth Control and Public Policy," prepared by an English Catholic writer, Norman St. John-Stevas. (Single copies free; prices for additional copies on request. Address: Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Box 4068, Santa Barbara, California.) In a foreword to the published report John Cogley, the study's administrator, writes:

"Americans are hopelessly divided on the question of birth control. One large group of citizens holds, with the Roman Catholic Church, that contraception is contrary to the Natural Law, is consequently immoral and thoroughly unacceptable as a solution either to the population problem facing the nations or the personal problem facing individual families. Another large group, comprising in all probability the majority of Americans, regards modern techniques of birth control as a blessing. Among these supporters of 'planned parenthood' are millions of religious folk. Indeed, a number of church leaders have lately suggested that under certain circumstances the practice of birth control may be a couple's religious duty.

"This division between Americans is inevitably the source of friction and religious tension in the community. . . . In our study of religious institutions, the issue has been unavoidable, for it is not just a private matter to be solved conscientiously by individual Americans. There are laws in some states prohibiting the practice of contraception or its promulgation. There have been bitter controversies centered around birth control and the public hospital, birth control and the social welfare agency, the teaching of birth control in the schools. There have been proposals that the United States assist foreign nations in promoting birth control, and a flat rejection of these proposals by the Catholic hierarchy. There have been demands that candidates for office take a public position on the question. These are not 'private' matters.

"It is most unlikely that Americans will ever reach ultimate agreement on the morality of birth control. Conceivably, though, some working agreement about public policy can be achieved. That agreement will not be reached in an atmosphere clogged with exaggerated charges, emotional recriminations, and sloganeering. It will require a cool knowledge of the factual situation, of the arguments made for and against the disputed practice, and of the proper relationship between morals and law.

"In this Report to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions Norman St. John-Stevas has produced a scholarly survey of the whole birth-control controversy. We are pleased to share it with a larger public. . . ."

Substantial excerpts from the study by Mr. St. John-Stevas follow. —THE EDITORS.

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ALTHOUGH Protestant opinion was responsible for the passing of the Comstock law and its state derivatives, the profound changes which have taken place in its assessment of birth control now render it hostile to such legislation. . . . In Connecticut and Massachusetts the Protestant churches have taken a leading part in seeking to repeal or amend the legislation passed by their predecessors. . . .

The Catholic Church has always condemned contraception, and, despite the changed attitude of other churches, maintains its traditional position. The Church Fathers, and later St. Thomas Aquinas, held contraception to be sinful and contrary to scriptural teaching. . . . Scriptural texts apart, the Church has based its condemnation of contraception on the natural law. The nub of the Catholic position is contained in canon law where it is stated that the primary end of marriage is the procreation and education of children.

Does Roman Catholic theology require that contraception be banned by law? As has been seen, it is unequivocally condemned as contrary to natural law, but one cannot conclude with some rigorists that the question is immediately answered in the affirmative, since all contraventions of natural law are not fit subject for legislation. Fornication, adultery, and lying, for example, are contrary to natural law, but civil sanctions are not advocated for such offenses. Non-philosophic criteria must be applied before the question can be disposed of. A breach of natural law must be a fit subject for legislation and injure the common good substantially before it is forbidden by law. The law must be capable of enforcement and equitable in its incidence. Finally, if it would cause greater evils than those it is intended to avoid, recourse to legislation must be eschewed.

The banning of the *use* of contraceptives by law, as in Connecticut, fulfills none of these criteria. Using a contraceptive is essentially a private act, and though it



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may have harmful social consequences it is impossible to isolate any particular act and demonstrate that harmful consequences flow from it. In practice such a law is obviously unenforceable, and the attempt to enforce it would involve an intolerable interference with the private life of individuals. Private individuals and married couples would have to be subjected to constant supervision, the home would be invaded by investigators, and the police state advanced to a new point.

Banning the sale of contraceptives and the dissemination of birth control information, on the other hand, is a possible subject for legislation, since these are public acts, capable of regulation by law. Certainly such laws are difficult to enforce, but their effect would be far from nugatory, given a climate of moral opinion which approved their content. Thus in a predominantly Catholic country such laws would not be unreasonable, and they are found in countries such as Spain, Italy, and Ireland. . . . It is only because moral opinion in Britain and the United States accepts contraception as more or less a good that it is so largely uncontrolled.

Does Catholic theology then oblige Catholics in non-Catholic countries, and specifically in England and the United States, to work for such prohibitory laws or to defend them where they exist? Such a question can certainly not be answered by means of a logical deduction from a natural law premise, but the particular social situation in the country under consideration must instead be carefully examined.

By the constitution and political philosophy of both England and the United States, Catholics certainly have a right to work for the passage of such laws, using all the normal political means, such as public campaigns, distribution of literature, and lobbying of legislators, to attain their end. By such means in the past laws restricting gambling, betting, and drinking have been added to the statute book, but not by Catholics. Indeed, they reject the doctrinal suppositions which these laws embody and might argue that their personal freedom was unfairly diminished. The right then exists, but whether Catholics would be wise to follow Protestant precedent and exercise it is open to considerable doubt.

Laws embodying moral precepts are only enforceable if they are supported by a corresponding moral consensus in the community. The Volstead Act should have made this plain enough. A law forbidding the sale of contraceptives would be effective only if the vast majority of citizens believed their use to be wrongful, and possibly not even then. The laws of Connecticut and Massachusetts on birth control are not in fact enforceable and, save for the exclusion of birth control clinics, are without effect. Even here the presence of clinics over the state lines does much to neutralize their exclusion from the states themselves.

Catholics, then, in campaigning for the maintenance of such laws, gain little for public morality. They do, however, increase the fear of Catholicism in the minds of non-Catholics and increase the likelihood that when Protestants visualize the Church the image will not be that of a religious body but of a political power structure. This is a high price to pay for the maintenance of ineffectual statutes. . . .

Aside from metaphysics, Catholics could justify a prohibitive law if they could show that demonstrable evils flow from the practice of contraception. If a declining population and a falling standard of life could be traced directly to birth control, then a strong case would have been made out for banning it. On these grounds, birth control has been banned in France, the law being inspired by imperial and sociological rather than theological reasons. In England a similar situation might come about in the foreseeable future, but in the United States such a contingency is remote. . . .

In summary, then, one may say that while the prophetic mission of the Church to judge and if necessary condemn society is not questioned, a strong case exists for the abandonment of Catholic efforts to secure a total legislative ban on contraceptives. Efforts to preserve public morality would be more constructive if confined to measures commanding general support, such as the banning of sales of contraceptives from slot machines or the restriction of sales to adults. Statutes regulating contraception belong more appropriately to the field of public nuisance than to the criminal law proper.

Catholics might also legitimately and prudently oppose laws which in any way commit the state to approve or advocate birth control. . . . just as Catholics would be wise in recognizing the majority view and refraining from pressing for prohibitive domestic legislation, so the majority favoring contraception would be judicious in refusing such requests and so recognizing the susceptibilities of the minority.

To dub such a policy one of allowing the minority to dictate to the majority is to misstate the issue. It would be better described as a judicious recognition of the existence of a considerable minority opinion, the flouting of which would inevitably lead to serious diminution of civil peace. Reasonable concessions to such opinion offer a better as well as a more effective basis for the working of a democracy than the mechanical application of the principle that the will of the majority must always prevail.

THE GIVING of contraceptive advice in tax-supported hospitals or as part of public health services has caused sharp conflict between Catholics and Protestants. Catholics claim that since their money is being used to finance public institutions, practices which they consider immoral should not be followed. Protestants and others also claim that since their money



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is employed, practices which they consider morally acceptable should not be excluded by Catholic veto. . . .

The issue came to a head in 1958 in New York, where for many years city hospitals had followed an unwritten rule that advice on birth control should not be given. In July 1958, a Protestant physician, Dr. Hillman, employed at Kings County Hospital, announced that he was going to fit a Protestant patient with a contraceptive diaphragm but was forbidden to do so by Dr. Morris Jacobs, New York City Commissioner of Hospitals. A public controversy followed, with Protestants and Jews demanding that the ban be lifted in the interests of accepted therapy and preventive medicine and the Roman Catholic Chancery Office stating: "It would be extremely unfortunate if our hospitals and medical faculties, aimed for the preservation of life, should be perverted to seek for the prevention of life." On September 17, 1958, the full Hospital Commission ruled in favor of Dr. Hillman and reversed the ban. The Board laid down that municipal hospitals "should provide such medical advice, preventive measures and devices for female patients under their care whose life and health in the opinion of the medical staff may be jeopardized by pregnancy and who wish to avail themselves of such health services." A certificate of medical necessity signed by two physicians must be issued, the consent of the patient, and that of her husband if possible, obtained, and the Board recommended a conference with her spiritual adviser. Physicians, nurses, and other hospital employees who have religious or moral objections to contraceptive procedures were to be excused from participation in contraceptive procedures. Later the same month, the New York Department of Welfare adopted a similar policy.

The compromise seems reasonably satisfactory. Catholic doctors and patients are in no way obliged to follow procedures violating their moral principles and religious beliefs, while non-Catholics are assured that they will not be denied access to contraceptive medicine where this might endanger health. At the same time the susceptibilities of Catholic taxpayers are recognized by leaving general contraceptive advice to be given by voluntary agencies founded for that specific purpose.

. . . In Catholic hospitals, birth control advice, unless it relates to the practice of continuous or periodic continence, may not be given. As an internal domestic matter this raises no problem, but controversy has arisen over the position of doctors on the staff of Catholic hospitals who have associated themselves with the work of birth control organizations. . . .

To require Protestant doctors employed in Catholic hospitals to refrain from giving advice on birth control in the course of discharging their hospital duties is reasonable enough. A doctor is free to make a contract with any hospital, and if he objects to any specific term he can make his services available elsewhere. But to extend hospital jurisdiction to private practice or to activities carried on outside the hospital in a personal capacity is a grave infringement of individual liberty. While there might be a case for excluding a Catholic doctor who supported Planned Parenthood, because of the scandal his attitude would give to Catholic patients and hospital personnel, the coercion of a Protestant doctor to go against his conscience is wrong in principle. It also betrays a confusion in practical aims. A Catholic hospital is primarily a hospital and exists to give the best medical treatment available to its patients. If conditions such as that forbidding Protestant doctors to prescribe contraceptives outside the hospital were generally imposed, it would materially restrict the medical talent on which the hospital could draw. Apart from this, attempts to dominate a doctor's entire professional life will be generally construed as tyrannical and can only embitter relations between the Catholic and other local, religious, and civic communities.

. . . Catholics often use local political pressure to counter birth control organizations. Thus in 1952 Planned Parenthood was excluded from membership in the Welfare and Health Council of New York because the Catholic agencies represented threatened to withdraw. Six months later, however, the Council voted for admission of Planned Parenthood, whereupon the Catholic agencies resigned, thus handicapping the Council's work. In 1955 Catholics boycotted the Princeton, New Jersey, Community Chest fund-raising campaign, thus compelling the withdrawal of Planned Parenthood from the Chest.

Whatever one may think of the prudence of such actions, and this can only be judged in the context of local conditions, Catholics are well within their democratic social rights in taking them. They hardly, however, seem "necessary," since membership in a cooperative enterprise does not imply approval of the constituent members. Furthermore, the line between legitimate and illegitimate social pressures can be easily crossed, as was the case in Holyoke, Massachusetts, in 1940, when owing to Catholic pressure Mrs. Margaret Sanger was deprived of a public meeting place to state her views, until one was provided at the last moment by the local textile workers union. Such action was clearly against the spirit of the Constitution with its guarantees of freedom of speech and the right to hold orderly public meetings.

The hostility aroused against the Catholic community by these tactics would be hard to overestimate; they strengthen in the non-Catholic mind the ever-present fear of Catholic power and do much to nullify the persuasive force of Catholic teaching. In proportion to their ill effect, their good effect is small, and Catholics would be well advised to abandon them.



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# CLEAR THE AISLES

FOR YEARS New Dealers claimed that their Republican rivals were being dragged kicking and screaming into the twentieth century. It was ironical during the convention in Los Angeles to watch many of those who had been most insistent about this. The time had come when it was necessary to drag them kicking and screaming from the first half to the second half of the century. One of the sharpest and rather bitterly poetic images of the convention was provided by Mrs. Roosevelt when she stood on the platform and with motherly exasperation and resignation pleaded that the aisles be cleared.

And well might they be cleared, for the younger generation of political leaders who had reached their maturity were demanding responsibility and succeeded in getting it. As one after another the veteran stalwarts of old wars argued that this should not come to pass, and as one by one they were listened to respectfully, cheered politely and ignored, the poignancy of the departing elders stepping aside for the new generation was accented.

The generations normally melt into one another. But there was a sharp break at Los Angeles. As a number of commentators pointed out, men born in the twentieth century were succeeding men born in the nineteenth. But, as will be true of the Republicans too if Richard Nixon is nominated, the Democrats now in the seats of power, symbolized by Senator Kennedy, are largely people who had no experience with America's age of innocence. For them, the American promise of peace and prosperity was never an abiding reality. They have known peace and they have known prosperity; they have never known both at the same time.

The turning point seems to have been the first World War. The wonderful years that preceded that war are now glorified in Broadway musicals like "Oklahoma!" "The Music Man" and "Take Me Along." But for people who came along later, like me, the America of that era has a never-never quality about it and is as remote, as incredible as the waltzy dreamland of Franz Joseph and "The Blue Danube."

Senator Kennedy and Vice-President Nixon are alike in this, that they never knew the innocent America which shaped the hopes and expectations of men like President Truman, President Eisenhower and even Adlai Stevenson. Neither of them is haunted by nostalgia for the America of copy-book maxims, limitless opportunity or even gentle living.

Perhaps no nostalgia haunts them, for what do they have to look back to? Their childhood was spent in the crazy twenties which were stained with the cynicism of postwar disillusionment. I belong to this generation and I remember the first thing I heard about my country was that we had been suckers to get involved in the first World War. This was the theme of novelists, of political writers, of practicing politicians. It was on everyone's lips. A big brassy blonde named Texas Guinan summed up the era's feeling about itself when she greeted her nightclub customers with a sneering "Hel-lo suckers!" That was childhood.

By the time adolescence was at hand America was a land of economic depression. When an Eisenhower or a Truman or even a Stevenson looks back on his dawning years the America he remembers is as technicolored as M.G.M. movies in which Judy Garland used to sing about the boy next door and dance to "Skip to My Lou." The America this younger generation can look back on was a land of breadlines, of apple-sellers and huge May Day celebrations. The depression lasted so long that it seemed to be "normalcy."

Then came young manhood, and with it the second World War. Both Senator Kennedy and Vice President Nixon spent precious years in the Navy far from home. After the victory was won the "normalcy" they heard about during their childhood did not return. The war was hardly over when the new Cold War began and the specter of the Bomb hung over the world like a sword.

Both men, and their whole generation, I think, show the effects of all these influences. The cynicism their elders displayed during the twenties now seems cheap, but it left its mark. Whatever idealism these men nurture is grounded in realism. They are both tough-minded, not easily won over by lofty phrases and swirling hopes. The American experience of depression and poverty left its mark on both, though one was fabulously wealthy and the other a son of the hardworking poor. Neither of them, remembering the days of their adolescence—the one with sharp memories of real deprivation, the other perhaps with pangs of guilt—has any affection for the Horatio Alger myth. Remembering their days of combat and having exercised the responsibility of military command at an early age, neither can ever indulge in the elaborate soul-searching and microscopic study of motive that made many people uneasy about Adlai Stevenson as a Presidential candidate.

The era of the hydrogen bomb, which in an odd way seemed inevitable from the beginning of World War II, is not the mystery to these two men that it is to their elders. It is the current stage of the weird "normalcy" they have always known. JOHN COGLEY.



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# THE SCREEN

## NOVELS-INTO-FILMS

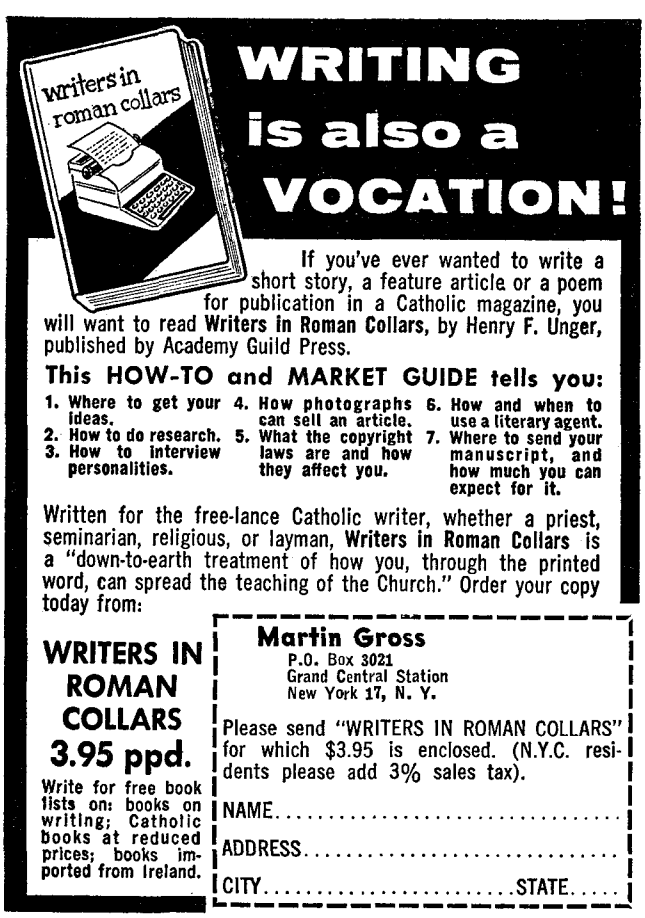
MOVING pictures, usually a borrowing-medium, are using fewer and fewer original scripts and are borrowing more and more from pre-sold, already publicized books and plays. Of the five new movies based on novels with popular titles, only one employs cinema technique well to tell its story, and strangely enough it's a story that seems unlikely for such a visual medium. But Richard Brooks has done an excellent job in writing the tight, carefully-planned screenplay for "Elmer Gantry." Furthermore, he also directed this fine cast, and he effectively used camera and sound track together to develop characterization and atmosphere.

The atmosphere of revival meetings and revivalists in the 1920's is by no means a pleasant one, and the film spares no feelings in exposing the commercialism and calculated showmanship that were part of it. Burt Lancaster gives his best performance to date as Elmer Gantry, the lecherous drummer who graduates with ease from vacuum cleaners to preaching when he meets the evangelist Sister Sharon. Where Lancaster is loud, raucous and stridently masculine in telling a joke or preaching a sermon, Jean Simmons is equally effective as the intensely sincere Sister Sharon who believes she is divinely inspired. Also outstanding is Arthur Kennedy, who gives a first-rate performance as the cynical reporter, a doubter who questions the worth of this circus-type religion. Under Brooks's good direction, the entire cast come through well: Dean Jagger as Sister Sharon's astute manager; Patti Page as Sharon's assistant who has a yen for Elmer although he has set his aim higher (and sure enough the "divinely inspired" Sister herself succumbs eventually); Shirley Jones as the prostitute who almost ruins Elmer's position with Sharon's troupe because it was he who caused her downfall years ago; Edward Andrews as the babbitty George Babbitt; and a large number of supporting players as ministers, sinners, repentants and tabernacle crowds—sincere and otherwise.

Although the revivalist theme as portrayed in "Elmer Gantry" is somewhat dated, the film's major flaw is in its lack of point of view: it is against hypocrisy and the commercial religious circus, but it fails to be for anything, and, except in a few scenes, it fails to suggest that there might be sincerity among the revivalists. Needless to say, this is strictly an adult film with more emphasis on sin than on virtue or the true nature of repentance. Technically, "Elmer Gantry" is in a class by itself, with Bernard Smith's production excellent right down the line and including handsome color photography displayed, thank goodness, on an old-fashioned, well-proportioned small screen appropriate to the period.

ERNEST LEHMAN, who wrote the screenplay for "From the Terrace," should have followed the example set by Richard Brooks, who ruthlessly but skillfully cut and re-wrote *Elmer Gantry*. As produced and directed by Mark Robson, the screen version of "From the Terrace" seems almost as rambling and repetitious as John O'Hara's original lengthy novel. While the film is interesting at times, especially at the beginning when it promises character development and a coherent plot, it soon becomes a tedious melodrama about a society in which infidelity is the norm.

The leading character, played without any particular understanding or verve by Paul Newman, is almost as opportunistic as Elmer Gantry; and while the story tries to explain this scheming and determined young man in a few scenes with his hard-drinking, adulterous mother (Myrna Loy) and his hard, unforgiving father (Leon Ames), Newman fails to make the man or his problems very real. Joanne Woodward does a little better with the role of his proud socialite wife who usually gets what she wants, and when she can't keep hard-working Paul home nights, she pursues her pleasures elsewhere. This pushes Paul into the arms of a young Colorado girl (Ina Balin) whose morals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and standards melt before the charms of the handsome easterner. All this goes on and on interspersed with scenes showing Paul's rise in financial circles. No doubt if "From the Terrace" is trying to say anything it's that these people are no better or worse than the world around them. But the view isn't very good.

AND the view of the young married set in suburbia, California, isn't very cheery either. Since Evan Hunter wrote the screenplay for "Strangers When We Meet" from his own original novel, I suppose he is satisfied with the results. But the picture is an interminably long and dreary affair about an architect (Kirk Douglas) who, without actually falling out of love with his own wife (Barbara Rush), falls in love with a neighbor (Kim Novak) who is being neglected by her husband (John Bryant). None of this is very convincing or especially interesting. Although the main theme is well padded with side issues involving Ernie Kovacs, Virginia Bruce, Walter Matthau and others portraying the restless folk who live in and around Brentwood, they don't make the locale particularly inviting. Richard Quine, who gave his picture an extremely handsome production in color, also directed the handsome cast, but he never quite makes us believe that Kirk would leave his wife and children for Kim. Kim is very attractive, and so is the empty, modern house Kirk builds for Ernie Kovacs.

SOMETIMES one wonders if the movie makers buy a novel only because it's a wordy best-seller. But it would seem that even from a mediocre book like Edna Ferber's *Ice Palace*, producer Henry Blanke, director Vincent Sherman and scriptwriter Harry Kleiner could have made a better movie about Alaska. After all, the forty-ninth state is not only news but also an exciting and beautiful place. The Technicolor shots of Alaska in the film are indeed handsome, but most of the involved plot takes place indoors or on studio sets, and except for a few fishing scenes, snowscapes and the like, "Ice Palace" turns out to be just another western. Its plot covers some forty years and three generations of characters, but it's the same old guff: two men competing for money, position and a girl. Robert Ryan, Richard Burton and Carolyn Jones play the leads well enough, but as the story drags on and on, one couldn't care less. No doubt Alaska will survive in spite of the movie.

ONE OF the best things to be said about "The Subterraneans," the film based on Jack Kerouac's novel about beatniks in San Francisco, is that it like the book is short. Robert Thom's script, however, in departing from Kerouac's impressionistic style, becomes both precious and pretentious. The effect, supposedly a study of these young people and their sub-standards, is sometimes a little silly. Leslie Caron in the lead role, although not the part-Negro of the novel, is quite touching and so is Roddy McDowell as the semi-mystical poet. As the hero-novelist who gets involved with all these screwballs, George Peppard seems a little too sensible and sane to be so taken in; and Janice Rule, though striking looking in her weird make-up as a daffy painter, is too-too far out. Perhaps, if one doesn't take any of this seriously, "The Subterraneans" can be accepted as an inaccurate and often amusing view of these new Bohemians. If you do take it seriously, however, its beatniks look awfully unwashed and foolish in the light of day. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.


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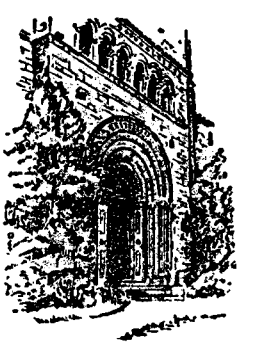

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# The Relentless Wheel of Nature

CEREMONY IN LONE TREE. By Wright Morris. Atheneum. $4.

By MAX COSMAN

IN *The Territory Ahead,* his series of observations on classic writers like Thoreau, James and Mark Twain, as well as contemporaries like Wolfe, Fitzgerald, and Faulkner, Wright Morris has a book whose idiosyncratic acuteness gives it a place beside such predecessors as Lewisohn's *Expression in America* and Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature.*

It is, however, but partial awareness of what he is at to think that his pinpointing of American writers' "nostalgia" for the past or dependence on "raw" material or, in some cases, achievement of the "presentness" of life by individual technique, is an interest in belles-lettres per se.

The fact is that his concern with such matters is ultimately, as it most often is for a professional writer, a concern with his own practice. In a word, the dangers and desirabilities Mr. Morris notes in the works of others are those he avoided or achieved, or perhaps hopes to avoid or achieve, in his own work.

*Ceremony in Lone Tree* is his latest effort to profit by his studies. With *The Field of Vision,* an earlier novel, it forms the first two members of what may well become a set of interrelated novels on its group of Nebraskans. There is the wagon-wheel framework we already know: the hub this time, the imminent celebration of Grandpa Scanlon's ninetieth birthday; the spokes, flash-backs to the lives of the would-be participants. These include old familiars like the McKees and Boyd who once tried to walk on water, and newcomers like Calvin, Etoile, and a female beatnik whom Boyd has picked up to bring along to Lone Tree for kicks or what not.

There is also the same anxious effort of the author to catch the likeness of his particular Americans yet not miss their representative significance. There is even the same watchfulness against sentimentality and lushness, those crimes in writing against which he once put himself on record when he spoke of being "inclined to shear off ornament."

Nevertheless, he does have his laxities. He is inclined to stress the gargoylish in his characters. They are never free, for example, of grotesque behavior. The young are apt to run or gun down their neighbors; the old to become seedy or pixilated. And he is evidently ready to adopt a stylistic mannerism. Though there is no apparent call for it, he has Boyd refer to *his* pick-up as "daughter," as if in its context such designation were not already exemplified banally enough in Hemingway's *Across the River and into the Trees.*

These indulgences notwithstanding, Mr. Morris has a sure grip on irony. Often it is so unobtrusive that its force is felt after, rather than during, the event. The most elaborate instance, of course, involves Grandpa Scanlon. Asleep as his would-be honorers gather — the process takes up most of the novel — he suddenly wakes up but only to die.

Implicit in this irony, there obviously is the perennial concept that man proposes but fate disposes. It is fate, then, that is the rim to Mr. Morris's wheel and like iron it binds each character to its compulsion. Thus Scanlon passes away as he has lived—with his mind in the past. McKee remains the self-same slave to friendship. Mrs. McKee and her sisters go on with their ambivalent existences. As for Boyd, he collects failure as ever.

Other members of the novel are equally subject to what has been laid down for them. Etoile stays the life-force heroine she is. Calvin continues to stutter inexplicably. And our beatnik, crude in expression when she appears, is just as crude when she goes off.

It is this unchangeableness, this fixedness of nature, that militates against the enlargement which Mr. Morris in part gets with his densely symbolic projection. If only his characters could sustain the weight of implication thrust upon them! But picayune creatures essentially, they cannot. For all their particularizations they subside into manipulated figures rather than grow into heightened human beings.

For this reason, despite his native knowledge, his sense of ritual potentiality, his awareness of the relationship between past and present, his excoriating comment ("Boyd had everything to live for, everything worth living for having eluded him. He was that rare thing, a completely self-unmade man."), Mr. Morris falls short of the greater success he no doubt desired.

Yet saying this, one should quickly add that even so he gives more than enough proof of a level of outlook and personality in craftmanship which exercised further cannot but come to some notable and permanent achievement.

# One of Poetry's Great Themes

THE GRAVEL PONDS. By Peter Levi, S.J. Macmillan. $2.50.

By ROSEMARY F. DEEN

ON THE dust jacket of this first book of poems Peter Levi makes an excellent remark about Catholic poetry when he praises Hopkins for "not being subject to Catholic delusions of grandeur, or ecstatic violence of phrase and shabby poverty of conception . . . A Catholic poet needs to begin as Hopkins did and as Baudelaire did from the truth of his own mind, a truth not easily attained to." It is good to be able to say that the independence and sophistictaion of mind shown by this statement characterize Mr. Levi's poetry. It is classically restrained and expert,



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with no mass turn-out of "religious poems," and none of that cheating or deludedness that he deplores in parochial art.

The poems in *The Gravel Ponds* have a grave and quiet air partly because of their technical qualities: the simple diction, the easy control of the line, and the shapely stanzas. In addition there is something pastoral about Peter Levi's themes. The pastoral traditionally springs out of a nostalgia for a place of peace and a state of innocence. Many of Mr. Levi's poems celebrate intellectual order. The poem "Over the Roof . . .," a kind of small-scale "Il Penseroso," describes a remote, hexagonal room, a retreat for "a mind at peace." Some poems mourn for the peace that life allows only within sharp limitations, as in a poem about slum lovers for whom loving "made nothing better":

> So they loved,
> like the aimless air
> or like walking
> past shut doors
> in a never quiet street
> and talking.

Mr. Levi knows how to use images from pastoral nature as symbols for powerful ideas. The poem "My Mind Reads . . . " grieves for Adam's punishment and loss in an image of "his deer, moving without cover."

But the pastoral tradition is not simple or "escapist," as it is popularly supposed. It is *about* innocence and not itself naive. Milton's thoughtful man ends by aspiring not to seclusion but to "something like prophetic strain," and this strain of passionate thought is a supreme theme of Mr. Levi's. His title poem laments the loss of "wildness"—the innocent animal vitality and freedom killed in "the long distraction/ of the heart's inaction." The poem "By Currents . . . " is a dramatic narration of a "voyage" to Sicily to fulfill a dream of finding an island of reason and quiet that ends in a confusion of passion and fear, erupting volcano, and pursuing furies. "Teach a Hawk . . ." praises birds not able to be mastered, representing by them what is beyond sense and understanding: "passionate knowledge, peaceful desire." "Alcaeics" describes "the terrible old with their coughs and wisdom," *inter silvas Academi,* "in the truth and darkness."

It may be startling to hear in the measured tone of voice of these poems evocations of an elemental vitality: sea monsters in whose "water-muted ear" the clamor of the docks is only half-heard; a sibyl prophesying under a tree "bloody with fruit"; or a seasonal sacrifice, "some rite of the blood's heat" like a "slaughter of ships and cocks." But one of the great themes of modern poetry, expressed in Eliot's "Christ the tiger" and in Yeat's swan, "brute blood of the air," is a need to refresh the idea of the unity of life and the deeps from which it springs. Mr. Levi joins this tradition in a poem such as the beautiful "An Angel Sat on a Tomb-Stone Top . . ." The setting seems pleasantly archaic: wind in the pines, shepherd's flute, and shepherds telling the story of the death of Daphnis. But the story is only "half-remembered," and the angel warns them:

> Sing when thin cicadas chir in
> the heat, and the thickets have
> their leaves.
> Autumn is coming and that
> will pick them clean.
> Winter is coming with his
> claws of ice to break
> the flute and bend the
> pleasant pine.
> At the year's end stands Christ
> in a pillar of fire.

---

# Attack on a Myth

THE BLACK AND TANS. By Richard Bennett. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

By ROBERT F. LUCID

SINCE sometime in the mid-nineteen-thirties the circulation of popular histories, biographies and, most recently, recorded revolutionary songs, has created a highly romantic image of the last Irish Revolution. This is a familiar enough development, and it characteristically ignores the contemporaneous accounts of the "troubles": those plays of Sean O'Casey's which dwelt in detail on the sinister gunmen, the pot-courage of the volunteers and the fury of civilian looting, or such a poem as Yeats's "Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen," which contains the memorable lines:

> We, who seven years ago
> Talked of honour and of truth,
> Shriek with pleasure if we
> show
> The weasel's twist, the weasel's
> tooth.

Contributors to the romantic image might reply that the sweep of events was too bewildering for a contemporary to get the right perspective, and that only some historical distance placed the 1919-1921 war in its true light.

This acquiring of historical perspective, however, is a continuous process, and the reaction against the contemporaries which one can trace in the romanticists is likely to produce, in turn, a further reaction on the part of later debunkers. The time for such a second reaction is evidently ripening, and one of the first signs of its coming is the publication of Richard Bennett's *The Black and Tans.* This work is in many ways like its romantic predecessors. It is assertive, bumptious, scorns all documentation of what it says, and is smoothly and wittily written. It differs from earlier works, on the other hand, in its view of the nobleness of the Irish struggle: both sides, Bennett maintains, were petty, brutal and vicious elements which were operating in clear contradiction to the wishes of their respective population-majorities. He finds little to choose between the Black and Tans and the I.R.A., but if forced to a comparison he would almost surely find the I.R.A. a shade more reprehensible. The English, after all, only terrorized Irishmen, while the I.R.A. (led by Frank O'Connor's romantic "Big Fellow" Mick Collins) terrorized Irish and English alike.

Its arresting break from conventional versions of the struggle, along with a wonderful collection of forty-eight illustrations, is probably the most interesting thing about



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*The Black and Tans.* The author's attempt to tie in a thesis about the gradual collapse of British colonialism is cursory and obvious, just as his bibliography is short and undistinguished. The book has importance, though, if it is indeed a straw in the historical wind. Should this prove to be the case, then those interested in recent Irish history can look forward to ten lean years of unrelenting re-evaluation.

**REVIEWERS**

**Max Cosman, a frequent contributor to various American critical and scholarly journals, has written articles and reviews for The Commonweal.**

**Rosemary F. Deen, a frequent contributor, is engaged in advanced studies in English literature.**

**Robert F. Lucid is a member of the faculty of Wesleyan University in Connecticut. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.**

**ART**

## Marriage of Disparate Cultures

EVER SINCE whaling captains brought back from the East treasures to enrich the furnishing of their New England homes, there has been an interest in the art of the Orient in America. Perhaps the wider and deeper interest in it today derives some of its vigor from non-esthetic sources, but the booming contemporary interest in art has added its own élan to those sources, with the result that Oriental art now has an extraordinary fresh fascination for the Western public.

The Asia Society, which has its headquarters in an elegant little modern house at 112 East 64th St. in New York, is dedicated to promoting a "better understanding between East and West"; one of the outstanding ways they have chosen to promote that understanding is through exhibits of Asian art. Earlier in the year they offered an exquisite and wide-ranging selection of "Masterpieces of Asian Art," and more recently (May 12-June 15) they have shown a small exhibit of Ghandara sculpture, which serves their purpose in a different and particularly telling way. This Ghandara exhibit will, most fortunately, travel about this country and Canada under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution.

Ghandara sculpture offers a delightful and eloquent example of esthetic synthesis; the exquisite forms that can evolve from a marriage of disparate cultures, the extraordinary harmony and coherence that can be achieved, is convincingly demonstrated in this art that flourished in Pakistan and Afghanistan from the second through the fifth centuries. The synthesis that it represents is precisely a synthesis of Eastern and Western art forms: in Ghandara we see the elements of Indian and Chinese art fused with a familiar Graeco-Roman tradition. It has been called "a provincial Roman School," and it might be said that in it the East met the West more than half-way, essentially as if the Buddhist spirit of India and China had breathed an exotic breath into Graeco-Roman forms. A Westerner who knows next to nothing about Eastern art will feel the delight of recognition haunted by a subtle exotic spirit.

In the Asia Society exhibit the amazing *Head of a Donor (Monk?)* with its bitter-drawn mouth and quick look of life is clearly in the tradition of Roman portraiture; the figure called *Athena or Roma* also clearly presents the dominance of Western form, but even this figure of a draped female with helmet and spear is suffused with a subdued voluptuous spirit. The numerous heads of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas present a deeper infusion of the Oriental spirit into Graeco-Roman forms: the *Colossal Head of Buddha* has a noble and mysterious spiritual reserve expressed in the idealized Apollonian form, and the very small *Head of a Bodhisattva* from Charsada almost challenges any analysis, in it the Greek ideal is so perfectly fused with a delicate Indian sensuality. These heads are indeed so lovely that they have the "inevitable" quality of masterpieces.

The many small panels and



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freizes crowded with kinetic figures remind one alternately and sometimes simultaneously of Roman and Indian carvings, while a formalized linear representation or the severe frontality of a composition allude to other Asiatic modes. A number of stucco heads and figures from American collections of Ghandara sculpture appear in this exhibit (largely formed of treasures loaned by the Government of Pakistan) and occasionally introduce an element of playful or dramatic expressiveness, as does the *Head of a Devata,* all curves of jollity, or the Nelson Gallery *Head* with its furious, bitter look.

In his scholarly introduction to the handsome catalogue for this exhibit, Mr. William Rowland has stated that the chief contribution of Ghandara art is "the first representation of Buddha in human form." That this contribution can hardly be considered too highly and that its mighty effect in turn on the entire art of the East must be of overwhelming importance cannot be brushed aside. But to Western eyes the importance of Ghandara art is at least in part the peculiar delight it affords of familiarity-in-strangeness," of "unity in diversity," and above all the delight of seeing the insouciance and conviction with which those Ghandara artists of long ago were able to draw together in a beautiful harmony the esthetic cultures of East and West.

BETTY KAUFMAN.

Tentative Schedule for the Ghandara Exhibition

August 12-September 9, Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto

October 1-30, The Art Institute of Chicago

November 15-December 13, Los Angeles County Museum

January 1-31, 1961, Portland Art Museum (Portland, Oregon)

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